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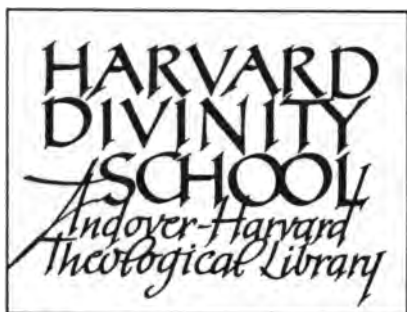
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HYMNS
FOR
SCHOOL WORSHIP

COMPILED BY
M. A. WOODS

BV
525
.W66



HYMNS FOR SCHOOL WORSHIP


.



HYMNS
FOR
SCHOOL WORSHIP

COMPILED BY
M. A. WOODS
HEAD MISTRESS OF THE CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

London.
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1890



BV

525

Wild

PREFACE

IN compiling the following hymns, I have been guided by the belief that hymns for common worship, and especially for school worship, should be bright rather than sad, simple rather than complex, devotional rather than doctrinal or didactic. Most of the hymns chosen may, I think, be described as of this character. But the book is not intended for children only, and it could not have been as comprehensive as I wished it to be had I excluded all hymns marked by a special seriousness, or by superficial difficulties connected with changes in language, or by a somewhat unusual emphasis of the belief at the root of their aspiration. Even if it should be thought that hymns so characterised are better fitted for reading at home than for singing at school, I shall not regret a decision which may suggest a twofold use of my little volume, and plead for its acceptance, at least with its older readers, not as a schoolbook only, but as a personal companion and friend.

A second object I have had in view has been a somewhat higher literary standard than is usual in compilations of this kind, and a large proportion of the hymns chosen are by authors (chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) well known as poets apart from their hymns. Wherever possible, I have given the exact words of the original, but I have never hesitated to shorten a hymn so as to bring it within the required limits whether of length or intention, and I have in a very few cases ventured to breakup a continuous poem into stanzas. I have purposely not given tunes, thinking these should be left to individual discretion, but I hope, on some future occasion, to mention those which have been found most suitable in the case of my own school. A list at the end of the volume, drawn up chiefly with a view to Church schools, gives the hymns most appropriate to the various Christian seasons.

For the use of copyright hymns, I have to express my acknowledgments to

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Neale, D.D.)

Messrs. Hayes (for No. 43, by the late Rev. J. M.
Neale, D.D.)

M. A. WOODS.

CLIFTON, *September 1890.*



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*O say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain ;
That the young mind at random floats
And cannot reach the strain.*

*Dim or unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.*

*And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe ?*

JOHN KEEBLE.

I

Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and King !

The heavens are not too high

His praise may thither fly ;

The earth is not too low

His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and King !

The Church with psalms must shout ;

No door can keep them out :

But, above all, the heart

Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and King !

HYMNS

2

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the LORD our GOD is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

HYMNS

3

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the LORD, for He is kind ;
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the GOD.

Who by His wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain.

Who by His all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light.

All living creatures He doth feed
And with full hand supplies their need.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

HYMNS

4

All from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great JEHOVAH's praise.
Him serve alone :
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before His throne.

Man drew from man his birth ;
But GOD his noble frame
Built of the ruddy earth,
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are,
Sheep by Him led,
Preserved and fed
With tender care.

O to His portals press
In your divine resorts ;
With thanks His power profess,
And praise Him in His courts !
How good, how pure
His mercies last !
His promise passed
For ever sure !

HYMNS

5

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee :
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

My GOD, my rock in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth ;
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health !

The LORD descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubins
Most royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee :
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

HYMNS

6

Come, O come ! in pious lays
Sound we GOD Almighty's praise.
Hither bring in one consent
Heart and voice and instrument ;
Music add of every kind :
Sound the trump, the cornet wind,
Strike the viol, sound the lute ;
Let not tongue nor string be mute,
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live
In still music praises give ;
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep ;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts, and monsters of the main ;
Birds, your warbling treble sing ;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And bright stars, augment the choir.

Come, ye sons of human race !
In this chorus take your place,
And, amid the mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song ;
Angels and supernal powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours.
Let in praise of GOD the sound
Run a never-ending round ;
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, even as He !

HYMNS

7

My soul, exalt the LORD with hymns of praise !
O LORD my GOD, how boundless is Thy might,
Whose throne of state is clothed with glorious rays,
And round about hast robed Thyself with light ;
Who like a curtain hast the heavens displayed,
And in the watery roofs Thy chambers laid !

Whose chariots are the thickened clouds above,
Who walk'st upon the wingèd winds below,
At Whose command the airy spirits move,
And fiery meteors their obedience show ;
Who on his base the earth didst firmly found,
And mad'st the deep to circumvest it round.

Thou mak'st the night to overvail the day :
Then savage beasts creep from the silent wood,
Then lions' whelps lie roaring for their prey,
And at Thy powerful hand demand their food ;
Who when at morn they all re-couch again,
Then toiling man till eve pursues his pain.

Be ever gloried here Thy sovran Name,
That Thou mayst smile on all which Thou hast made,
Whose frown alone can shake this earthly frame,
And at Whose touch the hills in smoke shall fade !
For me, may (while I breathe) both heart and voice
In sweet indictment of Thy hymns rejoice !

Let sinners fail, let all profaneness cease :
His praise, my soul, His praise shall be thy peace.

HYMNS

8

Thou wast, O GOD, and Thou wast blest
Before the world begun,
Of Thine Eternity possest
Before Time's glass did run.
Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
As if Thy joy could fade :
Couldst Thou have needed anything,
Thou couldst have nothing made.

Great and good GOD, it pleased Thee
Thy Godhead to declare,
And what Thy goodness did decree
Thy greatness did prepare :
Thou spak'st, and Heaven and Earth appeared
And answered to Thy call ;
As if their Maker's voice they heard
Which is the creature's All.

To whom, LORD, should I sing, but Thee,
The Maker of my tongue?
Lo ! other lords would seize on me,
But I to Thee belong.
As waters haste unto their sea,
And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to Thee
From whom it had its birth !

HYMNS

9

Eternal Father, GOD, Who didst create
This all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,
And breath'st into it life and light, with state
To worship Thee !

Eternal GOD, the Son, Who not denied'st
To take our nature ; becam'st man, and died'st,
To pay our debts, upon Thy Cross, and cried'st
" All's done in Me ! "

Eternal Spirit, GOD, from both proceeding,
Father and Son ; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man ; with fiery zeal them feeding
For acts of grace !

Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity
Of Persons, still One GOD in Unity,
Till I attain the longed-for mystery,
And see Thy face !

HYMNS

10

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring :
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing ?
Praise Him, praise Him :
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise Him, praise Him
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him :
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him :
Praise with us the GOD of grace !

HYMNS

II

O King of Saints, O LORD,
Mighty, all-conquering Word,
Son of the highest GOD,
Wielding His wisdom's rod ;
Our stay when cares annoy,
Giver of endless joy,
O JESUS, hear !

Lead us, O Shepherd true,
Thy mystic sheep, we sue ;
Lead us, O Holy LORD,
Who from Thy sons dost ward,
With all-prevailing charm,
Peril and curse and harm :
CHRIST JESUS, hear !

Singing in chorus meet,
Singing in concert sweet,
We, heirs of peace unpriced,
We, who are born in CHRIST,
A people pure from stain,
Praise we our GOD again,
LORD of our Peace !

HYMNS

12

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire :
Thou the anointing Spirit art
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love :
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee (of Both) to be but One :
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song :

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

HYMNS

13

Holy, holy, holy, LORD GOD Almighty !

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !

GOD in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! All the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, LORD GOD Almighty !

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky
and sea.

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !

GOD in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

HYMNS

14

Hark, my soul, how every thing
Strives to serve our bounteous King !
Each a double tribute pays ;
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the Spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart !
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds and springs and flowers
How to use thy nobler powers.

HYMNS

15

Sing aloud ; His praise rehearse
Who hath made the Universe !
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned :
Never slack they ; none respire,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Thorough heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all corners press :
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

Rise at once : let's sacrifice !
Odours sweet perfume the skies.
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high desires :
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls !

Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice : what need we else ?
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre.
Sing aloud : His praise rehearse
Who hath made the Universe !

HYMNS

16

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

LORD, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



HYMNS

17

O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of Heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
GOD will provide for sacrifice.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray !

HYMNS

18

Lauded be Thy Name for ever,
Thou, of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
And all the fury subject keep
Of angry cloud and chafed deep.
GOD of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be Thy Name for ever !

GOD of evening's yellow ray,
GOD of yonder dawning day
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of Eternity ;
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night,
Thine are all the gems of even :
GOD of angels, GOD of Heaven,
GOD of life that fade shall never,
Blessed be Thy Name for ever !

HYMNS

19

Dayspring of eternal Day,
Light from depths of light unending,
Flash on us this dawn Thy ray,
Bright gleams on our faces sending ;
Chase, O chase through Thy great might
All our night.

Let Thy kindly morning dew,
On our weary hearts down-falling,
Life's dry, withered sod renew,
Pure sweet trust and health recalling ;
Quicken us, Thy sons of yore,
Evermore.

Grant Thy love with cleansing fire
Burn out all our cold works' deadness,
Kindle soul and heart's desire
In th' uprisen morning redness ;
That we, ere we set in night,
Stand upright.

Sun of Blessing, lift Thy face,
Light us in Thy glorious keeping,
Guide us into that sweet place
Through this vale of tears and weeping,
Where the bliss, that thrills on high,
Ne'er shall die.

HYMNS

20

You that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the East,
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come, help me now to sing :
Each willing wight, come bear a part
To praise the Heavenly King !

For, as the darksome night did last
But for a little space,
And heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face,
So must we hope to see GOD's face,
At last, in Heaven on high,
When we have changed this mortal place
For immortality.

Unto which joy for to attain,
GOD grant us all His grace,
And send us, after worldly pain,
In Heaven to have a place ;
Where we may still enjoy that light
Which never shall decay !
LORD, for Thy mercy, lend us might
To see that joyful day.

HYMNS

21

Thou, that once didst tread the way
Trodden by us in work and play,
Through the hours of school to-day
Shield and save us !

From the taint of worldly ill,
Froward heart or stubborn will,
Thou, that lovest children still,
Shield and save us !

From the pride by love accurst,
Loveless craving to be first,
Hearts that scorn Thy least and worst,
Shield and save us !

From the thought Thou canst not share,
From the life untuned to prayer,
Thou, that rulest here as there,
Shield and save us !

By the Love that stooped to earth,
By that gracious human Birth,
By Thy Childhood's tears and mirth,
Shield and save us !

Till the school of life is o'er,
Said the tasks and shut the door,
JESU, now and evermore,
Shield and save us !

HYMNS

22

Star of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear ;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the Tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home !

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from Heaven,
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own !
LORD and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home !

HYMNS

23

Glory and laud and honour
To Thee, Redeemer King !
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.


Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the LORD'S Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

Thou didst accept their praises :
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King !

Glory and laud and honour
To Thee, Redeemer King !
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.



HYMNS

24

He is a path, if any be misled ;
He is a robe, if any naked be :
If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
If any be a bondman, He is free ;
If any be but weak, how strong is He !
To dead men life He is, to sick men health ;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth :
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Who can forget—never to be forgot—
The time that all the world in slumber lies,
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To Earth, and Heaven awakèd all his eyes
To see another Sun at midnight rise
On Earth? Was never sight of pareil fame :
For GOD before man like Himself did frame,
But GOD Himself now like a mortal man became.

A child He was, and had not learn'd to speak,
That with His word the world before did make ;
His mother's arms Him bore, He was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of Heaven could shake.
See how small room my infant LORD doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold !
Who of His years, or of His age, hath told ?
Never was age so young, never a child so old.

HYMNS

25

Let Folly praise that Fancy loves,
I praise and love that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
Whose hand no deed defiled.

I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is His ;
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

He mine by gift, I His by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First friend He was, best friend He is,
All times will try Him true.

His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all ;
His birth our joy, His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

Almighty Babe, whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die !

HYMNS

26

Lamb of GOD, I look to Thee ;
Thou shalt my Example be :
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild ;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art ;
Give me Thy obedient heart :
Thou art pitiful and kind ;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Thou didst live to GOD alone ;
Thou didst never seek Thine own ;
Thou Thyself didst never please ;
GOD was all Thy happiness.

Loving JESU, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am :
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art ;
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days :
Then the world shall always see
CHRIST, the Holy Child, in me.

HYMNS

27.

JESUS calls us : o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

JESUS calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

JESUS calls us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

HYMNS

28

The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth ;
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
And yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear LORD, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever !

HYMNS

29

O Light, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray ;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love and age adore.

O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease :
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O LORD, through Thee.

O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek :
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows ?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint ?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath,
Be Thou our conqueror over death.

HYMNS

30

King of mercy, King of love,
In Whom I live, in Whom I move,
Perfect what Thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this sun !

Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for Thee, to Thee aspire ;
Let my youth, my bloom of days,
Be my comfort, and Thy praise :

That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
I may find Thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin.

O it is Thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart ;
And, since Thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to Thee.

LORD, then take it : leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot ;
But since I would not have it mine,
O my GOD, let it be Thine !

HYMNS

31

O GOD, Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright,
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round thine uncreated fires
Created fires had shone.

I see Thee, when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O GOD ! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls
Of Thee have drunk their fill,
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

O little heart of mine ! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this GOD is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?

HYMNS

32

I will sing my Maker's praises,
And in Him most joyful be,
For in all things I see traces
Of the good He meaneth me :
Nothing else but love could move Him
With such sweet and tender care,
All who try to love and serve Him
Evermore to raise and bear.

GOD His Spirit to instruct me
In His holy Word hath given,
That He safely may conduct me
Through this weary world to Heaven :
He my heart's dark chambers filleth
With the clear pure light of faith,
And thereby e'en Hell he chilleth,
And destroys the power of death.

Since then neither change nor coldness
In His precious love can be,
Lo ! I lift my hands with boldness,
As a child I come to Thee :
Grant me grace, O GOD, I pray Thee,
That I may with all my might
Love and trust Thee and obey Thee
All the day and all the night !

HYMNS

33

Teach me, my GOD and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean
Which, with his tincture "For Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which GOD doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

HYMNS

34

O LORD, in me there lieth nought
But to Thy search revealèd lies ;
For when I sit
Thou markest it,
No less than notest when I rise :
Yea, closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to Thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk :
When to my bed for rest I go
I find Thee there
And everywhere ;
Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk,
But, yet unuttered, Thou dost know.

To shun Thy notice, leave Thine eye,
O whither might I take my way ?
To starry sphere ?
Thy throne is there :
To dead men's undelightsome clay ?
There is Thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown in vain I should assay.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me ;
Thy sable veil
Shall vainly fail,
With day unmasked my night shall be :
For night is day, and darkness light,
O Father of all lights, to Thee !

HYMNS

35

Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade :
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

LORD GOD of Gods, before Whose throne
Stand storm and fire, O what shall we
Return to Heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee ?
We have no offering to impart
But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou that sit'st in Heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest ;
Command my soul, and cure my sin.
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends, when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When Earth and all things in it change ;—
O LORD, Thy mercies fail me never ;
When once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

HYMNS

36

Our GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home !

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Our GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home !

HYMNS

37

Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O GOD most high ;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise ; but who am I ?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
While I Thy footsteps trace ;
A sound of GOD comes to my ears,
But they behold Thy face.

They sing because Thou art their Sun :
Lord, send a beam on me !
For where Heaven is but once begun,
There hallelujahs be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire :
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.

I shall, I fear, be dark and cold
With all my fire and light ;
Yet, when Thou dost accept their gold,
LORD, treasure up my mite !

HYMNS

38

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O GOD, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy GOD,
Thy health's eternal spring.

HYMNS

39

King of comforts, King of life,
Thou hast cheered me ;
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleared me.

Not a nook in all my breast
But Thou fill'st it ;
Not a thought that breaks my rest
But Thou kill'st it.

Wherefore with my utmost strength
I will praise Thee ;
And as Thou giv'st line and length
I will raise Thee.

Day and night, not once a day,
I will bless Thee ;
And my soul in new array
I will dress Thee.

Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind Thee ;
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind Thee.

HYMNS

40

GOD, Who doth all Nature hold
 In His fold,
Is my Shepherd kind and heedful ;
Is my Shepherd, and doth keep
 Me, His sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

When my soul from Heaven's way
 Went astray,
With Earth's vanities seduced,
For His Name's sake kindly He
 Wandering me
To His holy fold reduced.

Though I stray through Death's dark vale,
 Where his pale
Shades on every side enfold me.
Dreadless, having Thee for Guide,
 Shall I bide,
For Thy rod and staff uphold me.

Neither dures Thy bounteous grace
 For a space,
But it knows nor bound nor measure :
So my days to my life's end
 Shall I spend
In Thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

HYMNS

41

Seek the LORD, and in His ways perséver :
O faint not, but as eagles fly,
For His steep hill is high !
Then, striving, gain the top, and triumph ever.

When with glory there thy brows are crownèd,
New joys shall so abound in thee,
Such sights thy soul shall see,
That worldly thoughts shall by their beams be drownèd.

I the King will seek, of kings adorèd,
Spring of light, Tree of grace and bliss,
Whose fruit so sovereign is
That all who taste it are from death restorèd.

HYMNS

42

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul, awake !—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
For none can thee secure
But One, Who never changes,
Thy GOD, thy life, thy cure.

HYMNS

43

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints
And His side.”

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”

HYMNS

44

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within !
Thou of Life the Fountain art :
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all Eternity !

HYMNS

45

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace :

JESUS, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring !

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death !



HYMNS

46

Where shall I find my GOD? O where, O where
Shall I direct my steps to find Him there?
Dwells He in wisdom? is He gone that road?
No, no : man's wisdom's foolishness with GOD.

Or hath some new plantation, yet unknown,
Made Him their King, adorned Him with their crown?
No, no : the kingdoms of the earth think scorn
To adorn His brows with any crown but thorn.

I'll search the corners of all contrite hearts ;
The wounded conscience, and the soul that smarts ;
The contrite spirit filled with filial fear—
Ay, there He is : and nowhere else but there.

HYMNS

47

Methinks I see Thee clothed with scorn,
And spit upon, and buffeted ;
And, crownèd with the piercing thorn,
Away to execution led.

It most amazeth me to think
Thou bearest the repute of sin :
The bitter cup which Thou didst drink
Had nothing bitterer therein.

The sun did well to hide his face,
When sun did righteousness eclipse,
And the Most Just is with disgrace
A sinner judged by sinners' lips !

Thy steps, LORD, in this night I see ;
And, lest my soul from GOD should stray,
I'll bear my cross and follow Thee :
Let others choose the fairer way !

HYMNS

48

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the death of CHRIST, my GOD ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMNS

49

Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :
JESUS, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is :
JESUS, our Love, is crucified.

O love of GOD ! O sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified.

HYMNS

50

O blessèd Well of Love ! O Flower of Grace !
O glorious Morning Star ! O Lamp of Light !
Most lively image of Thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, LORD of Might,
Meek Lamb of GOD, before all worlds behight,
How can we Thee requite for all this good ?
Or what can prize that Thy most precious blood ?

Yet nought Thou ask'st in lieu of all this love
But love of us, for guerdon of Thy pain !
Ay me ! what can us less than that behove ?
Had He required life of us again,
Had it been wrong to ask His own with gain ?
He gave us life, He it restored lost,
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessèd that was banned :
Ne aught demands but that we loving be,
As He Himself hath loved us aforehand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that hath so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to His image wrought.

HYMNS

51

Yes, ransomed sinner : wouldst thou know
How often to forgive,
How dearly to embrace thy foe,
Look where thou hop'st to live.

When thou hast told those isles of light,
And fancied all beyond,
Whatever owns, in depth or height,
Creation's wondrous bond ;

Then in their solemn pageant learn
Sweet mercy's praise to see :
Their LORD resigned them all, to earn
The bliss of pardoning thee.

HYMNS

52

Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to Heaven,
And with devoutest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's Eternity is given ;
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse,
But down in dust and darkness let them lie :
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die !

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy Cross whence thy salvation came,
Whereon thy Saviour and thy sin did die ;
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee, O JESU ! I direct mine eyes,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees ;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To Thee my thoughts, Who my thoughts only sees ;
To Thee myself,—myself and all I give ;
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

HYMNS

53

In the hour of trial,
JESUS, pray for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee :
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While Heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink ;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
LORD, receive me dying
To Eternal Life.

HYMNS

54

Angels heard with admiration
How the eternal counsel ran ;
Wondered at the great salvation,
Wondered at the mighty plan :
Angels wondered
At the love of GOD to man.

Angels saw the Saviour dying
On the Cross, in love to man ;
Angels saw His body lying
In the tomb, among the slain :
O how awful
Sin appeared to angels then !

Angels saw Him rise victorious
From the tomb in which He lay ;
Never sight was seen more glorious
Than what angels saw that day ;
When the Saviour
Rose, and Death resigned his prey.

Hark, what bursts of acclamation
Through the eternal arches ring !
Angels now ascribe salvation
To the Everlasting King.
Loud their praises :
“ Glory to the Lamb ! ” they sing.

HYMNS

55

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne !
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus !”
“Worthy the Lamb !” our lips reply,
“For He was slain for us.”

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, LORD, for ever Thine !

The whole Creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !

HYMNS.

56

My LORD, my Love, was crucified ;
He all the pains did bear ;
But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.
How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie !
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares
That we may come to Thee.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace :
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

HYMNS

57

Hosanna ! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and LORD ;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free !
Thy Blood, our life ; Thy Word, our feast,
Thy Name, our only plea.

Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring
Our offerings to Thy Throne :
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

HYMNS

58

CHRIST, the Rock on which I build,
And my Saviour, ever liveth :
Should not he with joy be filled
Who the blessed truth believeth ?
Though the night of Death may bring
Some dark thoughts upon his wing.

Here doth all Creation groan,
There it shall rejoice with singing ;
That which here is earthly sown
Pure and perfect there upspringing ;
Here with frailty yet allied,
Perfect there and glorified.

Then take comfort, be right glad ;
CHRIST His members safely keepeth ;
Let not then your hearts be sad ;
He shall wake the dust that sleepeth,
When the trumpet's thrilling sound
Rings throughout the cleaving ground.

Raise your hearts from things below,
Earth's poor joys and hollow laughter,
That ye may be His even now
Whose ye hope to be hereafter ;
Send your thoughts to Heaven before,
Where ye would be evermore.

HYMNS

59

Great GOD, Thou GOD of David, lo !
What voice, more soft than tears that flow,
 Down from Thy throne descended ?
What silence of Archangel wings
Made space, as to the dead it brings
 Thy life, and death is ended ?
The living, yea, the living, praise
Thy Name, the living glory raise.

Hosanna, JESU, David's Son !
Hosanna, JESU, promised One !
 Thou Who the dead hast savèd.
Rise, Star of Jacob, rise and shine ;
Smite, Son of David, Earth is thine ;
 Sit on the throne of David !
What silence of Archangel swords
Sweeps watchful round Thee, LORD of Lords !

HYMNS

60

Light of the Universe, risen on all !
Still through the dimness Thy splendours fall,
Quickening still to a glad new birth
Soul, and sense, and the shows of earth !
Thou, of creation the Source and Sun,
Shine on Thy myriads, and make them one !

Lo ! as she gazes, my Faith describes
All things fair in that Sun's uprise,
And the heart of my inmost Hope beats high
For worlds to a Father's heart so nigh ;
But sweet Love falters, and droops with shame
For Love long wounded in Love's dear name.

O CHRIST, through the ages crucified
By Christian hate and by Christian pride !
Come to our humbled hearts to-day,
Touch them and heal with a heavenly ray ;
Fire our souls with the love they crave :
Light of the Universe, shine and save !

HYMNS

61

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of GOD, awake and blow
The mists of earth away !
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How far and wide we stray !

Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving Name is given !
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

HYMNS

62

O Love, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, Who here as man wast born,
And like to us in all things made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain,
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, Who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

HYMNS

63

Once Thou didst on Earth appear,
For all mankind to atone :
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin begone !
Come, and by Thy presence chase
Its nature with its guilt and power :
JESUS, show Thy open face,
And sin shall be no more.

Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length and breadth and height
Of love unspeakable ;
Then I shall the secret know
Which angels would search out in vain :
GOD was man and served below,
That man with GOD might reign !

Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with Thine own abide !.
Holy Ghost, to make Thee room
Our hearts we open wide ;
Thee, and only Thee, request,
To every asking sinner given :
Come, our Life and Peace and Rest,
Our All in Earth or Heaven !

HYMNS

64

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee!

HYMNS

65

O Blessing, next to that dear Love
Which drew GOD Filial from above !
O GOD co-breathed, who Love art styled,
Delighting in souls undefiled !
Towards GOD my whole propension turn :
Love heavenly cannot downwards burn.

Great Third of the co-glorious Trine,
O may my spirit Thee enshrine !
O consecrate my mortal frame
Into a temple to Thy Name !
O be Thou of my soul the Soul,
And all rebellious powers control !

O Love co-breathed, I love implore ;
O give me love, I ask no more !
Gifts are for souls heroic meet,
Reserved for heights or sufferings great ;
But void of love I cannot live :
In that Thou wilt all graces give.

HYMNS

66

Still, O my GOD, though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire
To that which is above me I aspire ;
And all my best affections I profess
To Him that is the Sun of Righteousness.

O keep the morning of His Incarnation,
The burning noontide of His bitter Passion,
The night of His Descending, and the height
Of His Ascension, ever in my sight :
That, imitating Him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way !

HYMNS

67

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher Infinite,
JESUS, hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
JESUS, hear and save !

Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
JESUS, hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
LORD of lords and King of kings,
JESUS, hear and save !

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry,
JESUS, hear and save !

HYMNS

68

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away?

O that Trump, whose blast shall run
An even round with the circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King!

Dear LORD, remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way!
Thy sheep was strayed, and Thou wouldst be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost;
And this loved soul, judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
And who Thy Cross confessed and crowned,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine;
But Thou Thy bounteous self still be,
And show Thou art, by saving me!

HYMNS

69

Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly :
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment-throne :
Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in Thee.

HYMNS

70

To the haven of Thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly :
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high !
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be :
Hide me, JESUS, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see !

Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace !
O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with Thine hand,
And screen my naked head !

In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin :
O how swiftly didst Thou move
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with Thy love,
And shield me with Thy power !

HYMNS

71

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men ;
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again !

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All.

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast :
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O JESUS, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

HYMNS

72

The Church's one Foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD ;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word :
From Heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

HYMNS

73

“LORD, and what shall this man do?”
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end :
This is he whom GOD approves,
This is he whom JESUS loves.

Ask not of him more than this :
Leave it in His Saviour's breast
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his LORD be at the gate.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor,
What is that to him or thee
So his love to CHRIST endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

HYMNS

74

Now it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before :
He that unto GOD's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, LORD, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But it's enough that CHRIST knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

HYMNS

75

For ever with the LORD !
Amen : so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within His sight
Who looks existence through.

For ever with the LORD !
Amen : so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

HYMNS

76

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes :

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMNS

77

O happy harbour of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil !

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The word of life doth grow.

Ah ! my sweet home, Jerusalem,
GOD grant I once may see
Thine endless joys, and of the same
Partaker win to be !

HYMNS

78

“Christian, seek not yet repose,”
Hear thy guardian angel say :
Thou art in the midst of foes :
 Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours :
 Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on ;
Wear it ever, night and day :
Ambushed lies the Evil One :
 Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o’ercame :
Still they mark each warrior’s way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
 “ Watch and pray.”

Hear, above all, hear thy LORD,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
 “ Watch and pray.”

HYMNS

79

Workman of GOD, O lose not heart,
But learn what GOD is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike !

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with GOD ;
For JESUS won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul ;
Muse, and take better heart :
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part !

For right is right, since GOD is GOD,
And right the day must win :
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

HYMNS

80

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow ;
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it o'er the rock.

Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of GOD, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry " Harvest home ! "

HYMNS

81

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
Brother grasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in GOD begun.

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

HYMNS

82

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the LORD on Whom I wait.

In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

HYMNS

83

Thou Father art, though to my shame
I often forfeit that dear Name ;
 But since for sin I grieve,
 Me Father-like receive :
O melt me into filial tears,
To pay of love my vast arrears !

My love, my tears can never rise
To a just, filial sacrifice ;
 But JESUS for me bled,
 Both love and tears He shed ;
For His love, tears, O me forgive,
That I Thy child may ever live !

O Spirit of Adoption, spread
Thy wings enamouring o'er my head !
 O Filial Love immense,
 Raise me to love intense !
O Father, Source of love divine,
My powers to love and hymn incline !

While GOD my Father I revere,
Nor all hell-powers, nor death, I fear ;
 I am my Father's care,
 His succours present are :
All comes from my loved Father's will,
And that sweet Name intends no ill.

HYMNS

84

Thy way, not mine, O LORD,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might :
Choose Thou for me, my GOD ;
So shall I walk aright.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small :
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All !

HYMNS

85

LORD, though Thy Church in this dark world
Do but begin and learn Thy praise,
Accept both it and us through CHRIST,
Till it and us Thy glory raise.

Here trembling sin resists Thy grace;
Of joy and sorrow we partake:
Our broken hearts and broken peace
Can none but broken music make.

Thy ways to us seem often dark,
Thou crossest human wit and will:
We murmur; but Thou dost Thy work;
That's wise and good, which we thought ill.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One only GOD in Persons Three,
All honour, glory, thanks, and praise
Now and for ever rendered be!

HYMNS

86

Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

HYMNS

87

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in GOD, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed :
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's Name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs :
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

HYMNS

88

Blest be Thy love, dear LORD !
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief Hope !
We to Thy mercy fly :
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee :
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

HYMNS

89

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home :
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path : but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

HYMNS

90

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Like the bright, slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Back to our own dear dead,
Into that land which hides in tombs
The better part of our old homes,
'Tis there thou mak'st our bed.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Thither where sorrows cease,
To a new life, to an old past,
Softly and silently we haste
Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
E'en children, after play,
Lie down without the least alarm,
And sleep in thy maternal arm
Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Straight to our Father's home :
All loss were gain that gained us this,
The sight of GOD, that single bliss
Of the grand world to come !

HYMNS

91

O one, O only Mansion,
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy !
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced :
Thy saints build up its fabric :
The corner-stone is CHRIST.

The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise ;
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's.

Jerusalem the glorious,
The glory of the elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :
Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore !

HYMNS

92

Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Now on Thy mercy's ocean wide
Far out of sight we seem to glide.

Help us, each hour, with steadier eye
To search the deepening mystery,
The wonders of Thy sea and sky.

The blessed angels look and long
To praise Thee with a worthier song,
And yet our silence does Thee wrong.

By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee, keep us at Thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide.

HYMNS

93

Now thank we all our GOD
With heart and hand and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blest us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous GOD
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next !

All praise and thanks to GOD,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With them in highest Heaven ;
The One Eternal GOD
Whom earth and Heaven adore :
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !



HYMNS

94

O Shadow in a sultry land !
We gather to Thy breast
Whose love, enfolding us like night
Brings quietude and rest :
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
Amid its ebb and flow :
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the glare of day has lost
The twilight vigil brings,
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

HYMNS

95

Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens : LORD, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !


Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou that changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, LORD,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee :
In life and death, O LORD, abide with me !



HYMNS

96

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling, wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HYMNS

97

All praise to Thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
May no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dull sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire !

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

HYMNS

98

O gladsome Light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial,
Sacred, and blessed
JESUS, our Saviour !

Now to the sunset
Again hast Thou brought us :
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless Thee,
Praise Thee, adore Thee.

Father Omnipotent !
Son, the Life-giver !
Spirit, the Comforter !
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder !

HYMNS

99

O Thou, true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day;

Thy light upon our evening pour!
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

Father of Mercies, hear our cry!
Hear us, O Sole-begotten Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high
Reignest while endless ages run!

HYMNS

100

King of glory, King of peace !
With the one, make wars to cease ;
With the other, bless Thy sheep
Thee to love, in Thee to sleep.

AMEN.

NOTES TO SOME OF THE HYMNS


- Nos. 2, 5. From the "Old Version" of the Psalms.
- No. 11. From the Greek of the earliest Christian hymn, by S. Clement of Alexandria. Second century.
- „ 12. From the Latin of the eighth century. Author unknown : translator probably Bishop Cosin (1594-1672).
- „ 15 (line 4). "Kned" = "kneaded, fashioned."
- „ 19. From the German of K. von Rosenroth.
- „ 23. From the Latin of Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans. Ninth century.
- „ 25 (line 1). "That" = "what."
- „ 32. From the German.
- „ 34. From a translation of the Psalms, by Sir P. Sidney and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It is uncertain which is the work of each.
- „ 38. From the "New Version" of the Psalms.
- „ 43. From the Greek of Stephen the Sabaite. Eighth century.
- „ 50 (line 7). "Prize" = "equal in value."
- „ 52. "Ignoto" is the pseudonym (answering to our "anonymous") of an unknown author of the sixteenth century.
- „ 58. From the German.
- „ 62. From the German of "Angelus Silesius" (Johann Scheffler), 1624-1677.

102 NOTES TO SOME OF THE HYMNS

- No. 68. From the Latin of the "Dies Iræ" (thirteenth century), attributed to Thomas de Celano.
- „ 71. From the Latin of Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. Twelfth century.
- „ 77. The initials are those of an unknown writer of the sixteenth century.
- „ 81. From the Danish of B. S. Ingemann (1789-1862).
- „ 91. From the Latin of Bernard of Morlaix. Twelfth century.
- „ 93. From the German of Martin Rinckart (1585-1649).
- „ 98. From the German.
- „ 99. From the Latin of the Roman Breviary. The hymn has been attributed to S. Ambrose.

DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH OF AUTHORS

JOHN HOPKINS : Early Sixteenth Century.
THOMAS STERNHOLD : ? -1549.
GEORGE GASCOIGNE : 1540-1577.
EDMUND SPENSER : 1553-1599.
PHILIP SIDNEY (Sir) : 1554-1586.
GEORGE SANDYS : 1557-1643.
ROBERT SOUTHWELL : 1560-1595.
THOMAS CAMPION : 1567-1620.
HENRY WOTTON : 1568-1639.
BEN JONSON : 1574-1637.
FRANCIS DAVISON : 1575-1618.
GILES FLETCHER : 1588-1623.
GEORGE WITHER : 1588-1667.
FRANCIS QUARLES : 1592-1644.
GEORGE HERBERT : 1593-1633.
JOHN MILTON : 1608-1674.
RICHARD CRASHAW : 1613-1650.
JOHN AUSTIN : 1613-1669.
HENRY VAUGHAN : 1614-1695.
HENRY MORE : 1614-1687.
RICHARD BAXTER : 1615-1691.
JOHN QUARLES : 1624-1665.
JOHN MASON : ? -1694.



104 BIRTH AND DEATH OF AUTHORS

THOMAS KEN : 1637-1711.
NAHUM TATE : 1652-1715.
NICHOLAS BRADY : 1659-1726.
ISAAC WATTS : 1674-1748.
CHARLES WESLEY : 1708-1788.
JOHN NEWTON : 1725-1807.
AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY : 1740-1778.
THOMAS KELLY : 1769-1855.
JAMES MONTGOMERY : 1771-1854.
JAMES HOGG : 1772-1835.
HARRIET AUBER : 1773-1862.
REGINALD HEBER : 1783-1826.
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT : 1789-1871.
JOHN KEBLE : 1792-1866.
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE : 1793-1847.
WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL : 1793-1870.
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN : 1801-1890.
ISAAC WILLIAMS : 1802-1865.
SARAH FLOWER ADAMS : 1805-1848.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW : 1807-1882.
RAY PALMER : 1807-1887.
HORATIUS BONAR : 1808-1889.
FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER : 1814-1863.
EDWARD CASWALL : 1814-1878.
JOHN MASON NEALE : 1818-1866.
HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER : 1821-1877.
EDWARD THRING : 1823-1887.
CATHERINE WINKWORTH : 1829-1878.

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CHRISTMAS and the EPIPHANY : 24-26, 29, 60.

LENT : 44, 46, 53, 70, 78, 83.

HOLY WEEK and GOOD FRIDAY : 43, 47-52, 69.

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THE END

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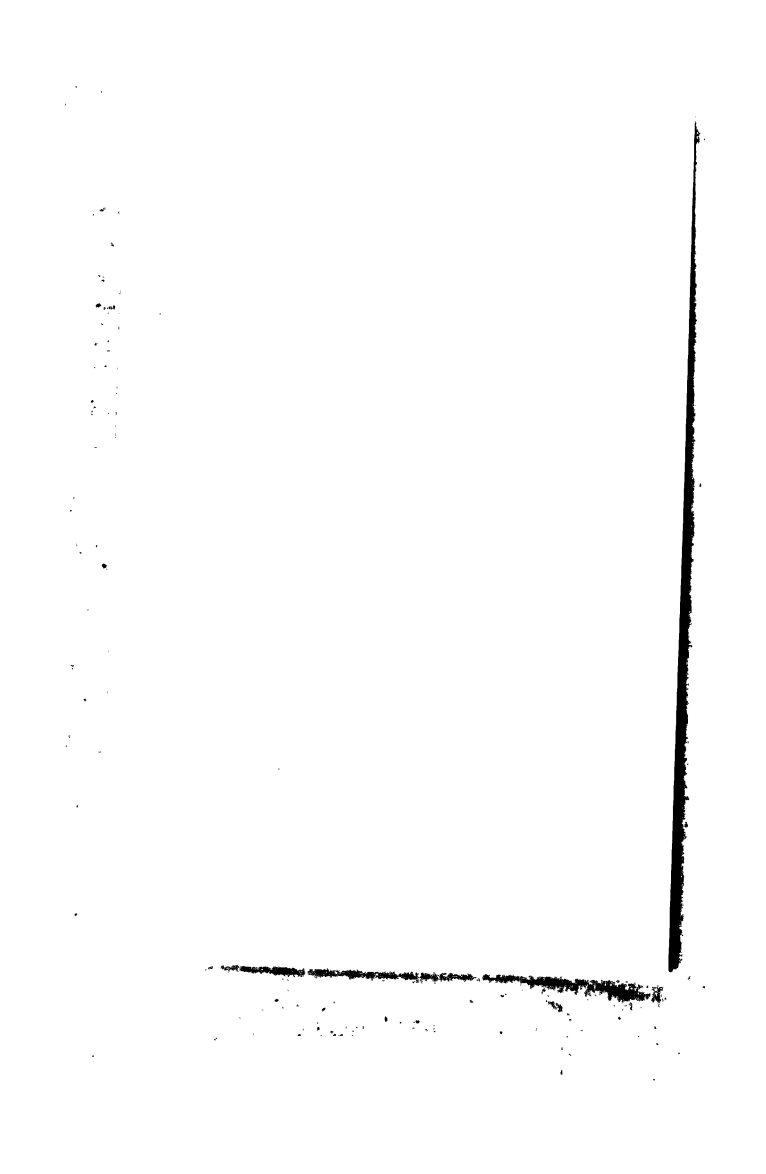
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